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Miscellany.

HELEN DE TOURNON : A NOVEL.

By Madame de Souza. Translated from the French.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

A deep and melancholy interest pervades this little tale. It is full of sadness and suffering; and, as we follow the painful narrative, we unconsciously anticipate the desolation of its conclusion. Yet it is the simplest of all possible stories; that of a young heart, driven by cruelty and misconstruction to despair and death. It owes very little of its interest to the brilliancy of the writer's imagination, or to variety of incident: it asks no aid of the terrible, and claims no assistance from the marvellous or the romantic, but is an artless appeal to the purest yet most passionate affections of the heart. Perhaps, after all, the highest genius is displayed in weaving a story of this kind, which necessarily depends for success on the writer's power over the great sources of feeling, and abandons the adventurous stimulus which splendour of description and extravagance of character always yield. We are glad that this novel has been well received by English readers, because it is a proof that the public taste is not entirely perverted by the relish for strong excitement. Accustomed, indeed, as we have been to feast our fancy with these high seasoned and poignant meats, we could not at first appreciate the full beauty of so unadorned a tale: but, as we gradually proceeded to the development of the story, we gave the writer full credit for the skill and feeling displayed in it.

Madame de Souza has, indeed, here presented a finely touching sketch of human hopes blighted and withered, and human affections crushed; and when we have ceased to gaze on it, it leaves a tender and melancholy impression on the spirit. Scarcely more than one burst of happiness occurs in it: but for one moment the sun does shine out brightly and powerfully, and then all the rest is darkness and shade. If we mistake not, the French have lately displayed a deeper sense of feeling in their productions of the fancy, have searched more narrowly into the heart, and have delineated its true movements with a more masterly hand, than they were formerly accustomed to do. That tone of factitious feeling, which often characterized their novels, has yielded to more correct and higher sentiments: the consequence, no doubt, of their superior intellectual condition, and of their comparative freedom from the thralldom of court vices. The study also of English literature in France has not been without its effect. The improving circumstances of a people soon become evident in their literature, for the events which operate on the public mind must necessarily exert a proportionate influence over individual intellect. We should rejoice to see the

literature of France assume a loftier situation than it at present occupies; and we make this observation without any unpatriotic feeling: for the fame of one nation can never have its foundation in the debasement of another; and that patriotism is indeed miserably short-sighted, which fancies that it can discover any cause for exultation in the weakness or deficiencies of a neighbouring country.

Madame de Tournon, a relation of Catherine de Medici, had been appointed lady of honour to Marguerite, the young queen of Navarre. Her eldest daughter had been lately married to M. de Balançon, the governor of Burgundy; and, on their departure from Paris to the Netherlands, Helen de Tournon, who had just completed her sixteenth year, accompanied them. The character of this governor was little calculated to insure the happiness of his bride, for he was selfish, harsh, and tyrannical. On their arrival at an ancient chateau, near Namur, Madame de Balançon, was made acquainted with some circumstances of family history, and was desired to welcome with respect and kindness her brother-in-law, the Marquis de Varambon, one of her husband's younger brothers: for whom, indeed, he was incapable of feeling any regard, but whose prospects at that period insured respect and attention. Augustus, Marquis de Varambon, who was the very reverse of his brother in disposition, had been adopted by his uncle, the Elector of Treves, whose successor it was in his power to become, if he chose to assume the ecclesiastical habit. As yet, however, from conscientious motives he remained undecided; and, on the arrival of his brother at the chateau, he was expected to pay him a visit. Interested by the favourable accounts of the stranger which she heard from every mouth, Helen was listening to the recital of his virtues from an old domestic of the household, who was pointing out to her the family portraits, and more especially a very beautiful likeness of her late mistress, who had died young, and who was painted surrounded by flowers, when M. de Varambon unexpectedly entered the room. Helen had been weaving some of the flowers, which the old nurse had gathered to greet her young master, into a garland resembling that which was represented in the picture, and at the approach of M. de Varambon she retired in confusion. He was much struck by her beauty, and still more by the occupation in which she had been employed. Their formal introduction to one another was now only a silent recognition: but the time, which they necessarily spent together, gave them ample opportunities of studying each other's character.

M. de Varambon was far from being happy. His high and somewhat imperious spirit had in his childhood been thwarted and oppressed; and he was now required either to disappoint the eager hopes of his family, or to adopt a profession at which his feelings revolted. Hitherto, he had found his greatest consolation in succouring the wretched and the distressed, which his fortunate situation had enabled him to do: but he now experienced a more fascinating consolation in the society of Madame de Balançon and her beautiful sister. Helen also became interested in his sorrows, and rejoiced when she could rouse him by her exertions from those fits of dejection which occasionally crept over him. Their feelings were soon united by stronger bonds, for they became fellow-witnesses of suffering, and attended together at the bed of age and sickness; when Genevieve, the nurse of M. de Varambon in his infancy, was seized with a severe illness; and the affectionate solicitude of both for the infirmities of this faithful domestic endeared them to each other. Indeed, the influence which Helen was gradually gaining over the mind of M. de Varambon could now scarcely be concealed from herself; and, if the unkind sarcasms of M. de Balançon at any time awakened the powerful indignation of his brother, one look from her could restore him to calmness and reason. The quick and impetuous

temper of M. de Varambon, however, rendered him liable to misconstrue even the most innocent actions; and, when he was called to some distance from the chateau, on one of his many charitable missions, he was so impatient at being separated from Mademoiselle de Tournon, that he could scarcely find resolution enough to hear the tedious tale of the poor man whom he was relieving. On his return, he found Helen playing at battle-dore with his younger brother Leopold, a thoughtless and animated youth, whose sole delight was the chase. Disappointed at seeing that she had been so cheerfully engaged in his absence, when all *his* thoughts had been occupied with her, he sat down in silence. His sister-in-law, perceiving that he was displeased, endeavoured to draw from him the cause: but he only replied that he had discovered that a friend, to whom he had given up all the affections of his soul, had been forgetful of him, and was equally indifferent to his presence or his absence. This sentence was overheard by Helen, who was indignant at the injustice of the remark; and the foundation of those mutual misconceptions was here laid, which at last terminated so fatally to their peace.

Nevertheless, the reserve which this little incident created between the lovers was soon explained away, though the causes which had led to it still remained; and they were beginning to entertain brighter feelings, when a circumstance occurred to interrupt their felicity. Don Juan of Austria, to whom his brother Philip of Spain had deputed the government of the Netherlands, passing on his journey near to the chateau of M. de Balançon, announced an intention of paying him a visit. All the inventive genius of the castle was consequently put into requisition, to supply amusements for the illustrious guest; and Mademoiselle de Tournon gave it as her opinion that a ball might be easily arranged. Her lover heard this proposal with surprise and displeasure, dancing being an amusement of which, in consequence of his ecclesiastical views, it was not allowable for him to partake. The prince however arrived, the ball was prepared, and in course Don Juan claimed the hand of the beautiful Mademoiselle de Tournon. In the mean time, M. de Varambon shut himself up in his apartment in darkness and solitude, but was unable to exclude the gay sounds of the music which tortured him. Suddenly, the gardens were illuminated; and from his window he beheld the splendid company spread themselves over the lawns. Don Juan accompanied the two sisters: but speedily Helen returned to the chateau, and stopped for one moment before the windows of M. de Varambon's apartment, as if he alone occupied her thoughts. His feelings, as he gazed, experienced a sudden revulsion; and from the desolation and jealous disappointment with which his spirit had just been torn, he was elevated to the most exquisite hopes.

Helen could now no longer be insensible to the interest which M. de Varambon had gained in her affections; and, struggling between duty and love, she at one time resolved to avoid him, and at another determined openly to tell him that it was impossible for her to receive his addresses without her mother's permission. Fortified by this last resolution, she walked out into the park, concluding that she should there meet M. de Varambon as usual. He was struck by the coldness of her manner, and in his agitation and alarm, a passionate declaration of love escaped his lips. He entreated her to allow him at least to hope, and his voice almost assumed the accent of prayer. Helen wept, and could only beg him to confide every thing to her sister. "And will you contradict nothing that I choose to tell her?" he eagerly asked. Helen replied in a low tremulous voice, "Nothing."—"Even were I to assert that you would deign to associate your destiny with mine?"—"I cannot echo your words," said she, hastening away: "address yourself to my sister."

Numerous difficulties still intervened to separate the lovers; and Madame de Tournon refused to countenance the addresses of M. de Varambon, until his brother, as head of the family, should ask the hand of her daughter. The brothers, in the mean time, had quarrelled, in consequence of M. de Balançon's expressions of anger on hearing that the Marquis had determined to renounce the ecclesiastical life. His letter to Madame de Tournon, therefore, was not likely to conciliate her; and the answer was an immediate requisition for her younger daughter to come home. The parting of the lovers was such as might be conceived under such circumstances.

Soon after the return of Mademoiselle de Tournon to Paris, she was introduced to the young queen of Navarre, who appeared much attracted by her beauty and simplicity; and with whom Helen immediately became such a favourite, that she was carried by her majesty to the court of the queen-mother, where her appearance drew forth surprise and admiration. She particularly excited the attention of M. de Souvre, master of the wardrobe to the king; whose reputation as a brave man and a faithful counsellor stood very high with the court and the nation. Touched by the melancholy sweetness of her countenance, M. de Souvre, whenever they met, exerted himself to draw her from her painful meditations, made her acquainted with the usages of the court, and was her guide and her friend. Helen was gratified by the kindness of one who appeared so greatly superior to all the others around her; and Madame de Tournon observed his attachment with pleasure, but refused to allow him to speak of it to her daughter before she herself had announced it. To alleviate the pain which she felt in never being allowed by her mother to hold any communication with her sister, M. de Souvre wrote to the latter, offering to convey any message that might be intrusted to him; and adding that a hope existed in his mind which might serve as an excuse for his interference, were not silence imposed on him. This letter came to the hands of M. de Balançon, who with malignant cruelty immediately despatched it to his brother, with this remark, "Judge of others, and of yourself!" M. de Varambon was overwhelmed with grief and indignation at the suspicions to which the letter gave rise. Don Juan, who had promised him his protection if he rejected an ecclesiastical life, at this juncture requested the Marquis to accompany him to Paris: but M. de V., wholly devoted to his wounded love, resolved to travel thither alone, and to observe, *incognito*, the conduct of his faithless mistress.

(*To be continued.*)

BELZONI'S DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT AND NUBIA.

Extracts from the British Review.

Exclusively occupied with researches after antiquities, Mr. Belzoni has added comparatively little to our stores of natural history: his pages, however, are enriched with many striking particulars relative to the manners and customs of the Egyptians, Nubians, and different Arab tribes with whom he had any intercourse.

With so many advantages as Mr. Belzoni enjoyed of elucidating various passages of holy writ, we confess that we have been struck with his total want of allusion to the sacred scriptures. We have, however, noticed two or three passages which derive material illustration from some

of his remarks concerning the natural phenomena of Egypt, and with them we shall conclude our analysis of his work.

The first phenomenon we shall notice is, the *whirlwind*. It is well known that what are, in the Old Testament, termed the *latter rains*, fall towards the middle, and sometimes towards the close of April, that is, a short time before the Jews gathered in their harvest. These rains were often preceded by whirlwinds,* which raised such quantities of sand as to darken the sky, or in the words of the sacred historian, to make the '*heaven black with clouds and winds*;'† and as these whirlwinds were sometimes fatal to travellers, who were overwhelmed by them in the deserts, the rapidity of their advance is elegantly employed by Solomon, to show both the certainty and the suddenness of that destruction which will befall the finally and impenitently wicked.‡ The passages of holy writ here referred to, derive considerable elucidation from the following account of the whirlwinds of the great Egyptian desert. These winds occur all the year round; but especially during the blowing of the *camseen* wind, which commences in April, and continues fifty days.§

"It generally blow from the southwest, and last four, five or six days without varying, so very strong, that it raises the sands to a great height, forming a general cloud, so thick that it is impossible to keep the eyes open, if not under cover. It is troublesome even to the Arabs: it forces the sand into the houses through every cranny, and fills every thing with it. The caravans cannot proceed in the deserts; the boats cannot continue their voyages; and travellers are obliged to eat sand in spite of their teeth. The whole is like a chaos. Often a quantity of sand and small stones gradually ascends to a great height, and forms a column sixty or seventy feet in diameter, and so thick, that were it steady on one spot, it would appear a solid mass. This not only revolves within its own circumference, but runs in a circular direction over a great space of ground, sometimes maintaining itself in motion for half an hour, and where it falls it accumulates a small hill of sand. God help the poor traveller who is caught under it."

The next phenomenon is the *mirage*, which is termed by the Arabs, as well as by the Hebrew prophet שֶׁרָאב (serâb): it is that false appearance which in Eastern countries is often seen in sandy plains about noon, resembling a large lake in motion, and which is occasioned by the reverberation of the sunbeams. On a nearer approach, however, the thirsty traveller perceives the deception. To this phenomenon the prophet Isaiah alludes, when, predicting the blessings of Messiah's kingdom, he says, "*the glowing sand shall become a pool, and the thirsty land bubbling springs.*"|| The mirage has often been described by oriental travellers, and their narratives are thus confirmed by Mr. Belzoni, who acknowledges that he has himself been deceived by it, even after he was aware of its nature.

"The perfect resemblance to water, and the strong desire for this element, made me conclude, in spite of all my caution not to be deceived, that it was really water I saw. It generally appears like a still lake, so unmoved by the wind, that every thing above is to be seen most distinctly reflected by it, which is the principal cause of the deception. If the wind

* See 2 Kings, iii. 16. 17.

† 1 Kings, viii. 45.

‡ Prov. i. 27.

§ Hence the name *camseen*, which in Arabic signifies fifty.

|| Isaiah, ch. xxxv. 7. Bp. Lowth's Translation.

agitate any of the plants that rise above the horizon of the mirage, the motion is seen perfectly, at a great distance. If the traveller stand elevated much above the mirage, the apparent water seems less united and less deep, for, as the eyes look down upon it, there is not thickness enough in the vapour on the surface of the ground to conceal the earth from the sight. But, if the traveller be on a level with the horizon of the mirage, he cannot see through it, so that it appears to him clear water. By putting my head first to the ground, and then mounting a camel, the height of which from the ground might have been about ten feet at the most, I found a great difference in the appearance of the mirage. On approaching it, it becomes thinner, and appears as if agitated by the wind, like a field of ripe corn. It gradually vanishes as the traveller approaches, and at last entirely disappears when he is on the spot."

The third phenomenon is the *locusts*, whose depredations are described in vivid colours by various travellers in the east. Their accounts are thus corroborated.

"These animals I have seen in such clouds, that twice the number in the same space would form an opaque mass, which would wholly intercept the rays of the sun, and cause complete darkness. They alight on fields of corn, or other vegetables, and in a few minutes devour their whole produce. The natives make a great noise to frighten them away, but in vain; and, by way of retaliation, they catch and eat them when fried, considering them a dainty repast. They are something like the grasshopper in form, about two inches in length. They are generally of a yellow or gold colour, but there are some red and some green."

In this short extract, two passages of the scriptures are illustrated; viz. 1. The first chapter of the prophecy of Joel, which in its primary sense refers to the desolation that was to be caused by these insects in the land of Judah; and, 2. The gospel of St. Mark, (ch. i. 6.) where it is said that John the Baptist *did eat locusts* in the wilderness.

The account of the invasion of Judea, by Pharaoh-Necho, king of Egypt, related in 2 Kings, xxiii. 29—34, (which was provoked by Josiah,) is confirmed by the sculptures discovered by Mr. Belzoni in the tomb of his son Psammethis. Necho conquered Jerusalem and Babylon, and Psammethis made war against the Ethiopians. In one of the halls of this tomb is a military procession, consisting of a great number of figures, all looking towards a man who is greatly superior to them in size, and who faces them. At the end of this procession (which is given in three of the accompanying plates) are three different sorts of people, of other nations, evidently Jews, Ethiopians, and Persians. The Jews are clearly distinguished by their physiognomy, and complexion; the Ethiopians, by their colour and ornaments; and the Persians, by their well known dress, as they are often seen in the pictures of their battles with the Egyptians, discovered in the tombs explored by Mr. Belzoni. Behind the Persians are some Egyptians without their ornaments, as if they were rescued captives returning to their country. Among the hieroglyphics, contained in his drawings of this tomb, Dr. Young (who is pre-eminently distinguished for his successful researches in archæology) has discovered the names of Nichas (Necho) and Psammethis.

The extent to which our article has reached, admonishes us to close our analysis of Mr. Belzoni's interesting volume, whose simplicity of narrative and perspicuity of description, aided by forty-four well executed lithographic engravings, have rendered his work so highly and deservedly popular, that while we are writing, a second edition is announced.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

(Concluded from p. 100.)

Scotland has thirty-one in the list, to which Aberdeen contributes two, Air two, Dumfries two, Dundee two, Edinburgh nine, Glasgow four, Inverness two, Kelso two, and Montrose two. Of these, three Edinburgh's are published thrice a week, and three twice; two Glasgow's thrice a week, and one twice; Greenock twice a week, and one of the Kelso's twice a week; raising the whole to forty-seven within that period.

Ireland is enumerated up to fifty-six, whereof Belfast has four, Cork four, Clonmell two, Dublin sixteen, Ennis two, Galway three, Kilkenny two, Limerick four, Tralee two, and Waterford two. Among these, four of the Dublin are daily, and there are others thrice and twice a week, to make the total weekly, one hundred and twenty-six publications.

The summa is—*weekly*.

English Provincials	-	-	-	-	-	-	135
The British Isles	-	-	-	-	-	-	6
Scotland	-	-	-	-	-	-	47
Ireland	-	-	-	-	-	-	126

 Total - - - 314

And to the honour of these, be it stated, that not one of them is published on the Sabbath-day, which practice is confined to London alone. Many of the country newspapers have a very great sale, so that we should not probably far exceed the truth if we averaged them at 2,000. The result would be above 620,000 weekly, or 36 millions and a half annually, to be added to the mass of the metropolis, and augmenting the grand total to above fifty millions of sheets within the year, or a weekly million distributed over the country, and despatched abroad!!!

Though simply speculative, it would be curious to calculate on these data the number of readers in the kingdom, the number of hours employed in reading, and the quantum of effect produced in conversation, by this prodigious circulation of newspapers. At a first view it would seem, that the entire adult population of Great Britain, did nothing else but print and peruse journals. It is, however, sufficiently obvious, that these channels of intelligence and of opinion are so widely ramified, that they must have an incalculable influence on the weal or ill of the people. This ought to be a solemn warning to those who conduct them, beyond all laws of restraint, above the dread of all associations to prosecute, and dearer than any motives of selfish interest. We would exhort the very humblest of our brethren, never to lose sight of the heavy responsibility under which they act.—The lowest paper has its circle, upon whose minds it operates; and its duty, even with the highest, is—to speak the truth, discourage vicious, and instil beneficial principles. To those whose popularity gives them an extensive sphere, we need hardly insist on the important nature of their functions.—Every one superintending a periodical work in great demand, must be made sensible of his power at every step he moves.—It meets him in society, in public and in private: it deeply affects individual and general interests: tastes are formed, judgments are upheld, acts of moment are done on no other grounds, and too often with no other inquiry. It ought, therefore, to be constantly felt, that

“It is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.”

The bonds upon editors are manifold.—Self interest, the basest of them all, ought to dictate impartiality and justice; but the stronger ties of literary character, of utility, of honour, and of public duty, are twined about their hands and heads; and, without exalting them above the due estimate of their influence, we would again repeat that, as the responsibility is onerous, so, when well acquitted, must the reward be mighty, and the sense of gratification unbounded.

We meant, in this *View of the Newspaper Press*, to have described at some length, the labours connected with the varieties of newspapers—the weekly and daily publications; but our space compels us to brevity.

We shall pass the weekly, and just sketch a morning newspaper; the contents of which would make a three guinea volume, as books are now fashionably got up.

In the first place, the advertisements are continually printing. During the sitting of parliament, each journal has from six to ten, or more gentlemen of literary acquirements, engaged in reporting the debates. These succeed each other in rotation, in the gallery of the House of Commons, or space for strangers in the upper house; and remain, as may be requisite, half an hour, an hour, or two hours respectively, to take notes of what passes; as one retires, another occupies his place; and the succession lasts till the business is done. In the same way, the matter is delivered to the printers: the first reporter goes to his office and writes out his part of the debate, while the second is carrying on the system of note taking; and so the whole proceeds through three, four, five, six, seven, or ten individuals. This division of labours, renders that practicable which we daily see, and which would otherwise be thought impossible. The same principle is seen in the printing office, or *chapel*, as it is called.—The principal printer receives the debates written on slips of paper, and distributes them to his ten or fourteen compositors, to be put in type. When finished, the matter is put regularly together, and impressions are taken as the work goes on, which are submitted to another officer, called the reader, for correction. A lad reads the MSS. to this person, while he cons the proof, and jots on the margin, the needful alterations. Again handed to the compositors, these alterations are made in the type; and the proof is read twice more before it is finally made up into columns for the editor, and for putting into the shape in which it is published. The news, and politics, and all other branches of the paper, undergo a similar process; and it is altogether curious to see the busy and active scene in which, perhaps, ten able writers, a great number of clever printers, superintending readers, correctors, printers, and editors, are all co-operating to the same end—the publication on the morning of the morrow, of that well filled sheet, of which the very commencement was witnessed some twelve hours before. The circumstances of getting the sheets stamped at the Stamp Office, wetting for printing, and submitting them to the press, in pages or forms, (i. e. two pages together), it would prolong this article too much to detail: we shall only mention that, for expedition's sake, it is often necessary to print the latest made up pages four or five times over! so that, though only one sheet is produced, it is frequently set up, *in fac similes*, twice or thrice. To conclude the whole, the publishing of a large impression is, in itself remarkable. The speed with which reams of moist paper are counted, and disposed of in quires, dozens, single papers to the various newsmen—the clamour of their boys, and the impatience of the devils, constitute a spectacle of no common kind.

The evening papers, which take their reports from those of the morning, are, of course, spared a very considerable expense. Some of the

leading morning journals disburse, for literary assistance and printing, above 200*l.* weekly: none of the evening, we presume, expend one half of that amount, however liberal they are in providing for the public entertainment and information.

In the weekly prints, the system is nearly the same; only they proceed more leisurely, in consequence of their work being spread over six days. Few of them employ reporters, or look much after original matter; except, perhaps, that some of the leading Sunday newspapers obtain an account from the law courts on Saturday, and of any late news on that day. Their expenses are thus comparatively inconsiderable, and their emoluments great. It is not easy to speak with certainty, nor would it be right in us to do so, of the profits of any particular journals: we shall therefore conclude by stating the common rumour, that, at least, one morning paper is worth from fifteen to eighteen; two from eight to ten; one evening more than ten; and one, or perhaps two weekly, from three to five thousand pounds per annum.

FROM BALDWIN'S LONDON MAGAZINE.

ON THE WRITINGS OF MR. MATURIN, AND MORE PARTICULARLY HIS
"MELMOTH."

(Continued from page 111.)

Having said thus much, generally, on Mr. Maturin's writings, we will proceed to consider his romance of *Melmoth*; and if any one should regard our criticism as unmerited, to that work we refer for its justification. It is a most characteristic epitome of all his productions. Genius and extravagance—nature and prodigies—angels and devils—theology and libertinism, contest every line of every page of these volumes, and leave us in doubt, at last, whether we should most admire, or deplore, the perverted talent which they indisputably discover. The idea of the work, we are told in the preface, is taken from a passage in one of the author's *sermons*. The passage runs thus: "At this moment, is there one of us present, however we may have departed from the Lord, disobeyed his will, and disregarded his word—is there one of us who would at this moment accept all that man could bestow, or earth afford, to resign the hope of his salvation? No—there is not one—not such a fool on earth, were the enemy of mankind to traverse it with the offer!" And thus—those sacred truths, which, as the representative of Christ, he has but just promulgated from the pulpit, the moment he descends from it, are converted into the theme of a romance. We marvel much that he waited till he came down, and should marvel less if the congregation doubted what it was he was about to deliver when he went up.—

But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine,
Perhaps it may turn out a sang—
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

BURNS.

We acquit Mr. Maturin, however, of every thing, except the affectation of this impiety. The novel is not taken from any sermon, but from the *Faustus* of Goethe; upon which, in our eighth number, the reader will find a copious and able dissertation. *Melmoth* is Doctor *Faustus*, under the title of the "Wanderer," and closely resembles him, not only in his life and fate, but in many of his adventures. It is a much closer imitation even than the *Manfred* of Lord Byron, who, though he borrowed the idea, has clothed it in a magnificence which is all his own. The story is

that of a wretched being, who has sold himself to the enemy of man for the sake of a protracted existence, during which he is to be omnipotent on earth—gifted with unfading youth—with boundless wealth—with the faculty of traversing an hemisphere at a wish—with a spell of persuasion which is perfectly irresistible, and, in short, with every thing except dominion over memory, which embitters all by perpetually recurring to the price at which they have been purchased. The hero of such a tale must manifestly be possessed of great advantages, which, we think, however, the author has surrendered, by dividing the narrative into several distinct stories, having no very obvious connexion, and, of course, losing much of their interest. These stories are told by a Spaniard, who has been wrecked upon the coast of Ireland, and who has been saved by young Melmoth, a descendant—a *coeval* descendant—of the Wanderer. Before the appearance of the Spaniard, however, there is a terrible delineation of a miser's death-bed, drawn with great power, and with great local accuracy. It is a most faithful portraiture of Irish manners in low life, and an awful one of a departing spirit, frightfully struggling between the fascination of earth's crimes, and the horror of eternity's retribution.

The first of these stories is the Spaniard's own, which, the preface tells us, a *friend* has censured, as tending too much to revive the terror-striking school of Mrs. Radcliffe. He must, indeed, have been a *friend* who made the objection—a much more serious one was obvious. The tale is tainted throughout with the sins to which we have adverted, and contains descriptions sufficient to terrify a martyr. It is the narrative of the younger son of a Spanish grandee, who, in order to gratify the sordid ambition of his family, and the still more sordid avarice of the priesthood, is half forced, half swindled, into a convent. The details of this convent—the horrors and vices of monastic life—the crimes of the Catholic church, and the hypocrisy of her clergy, (with some candid hints that it is not confined to *hers*) are occasionally interspersed with episodes, at which the heart freezes.

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The other stories of which Melmoth is made up, consist of the "Tale of the Indians," the "Story of the Walbergh Family," and the "Lovers' Tale." The first of these is very fantastic, but parts of it are extremely beautiful. The whole sketch of Immalie, in her island—the worship of the peasantry—the innocence of her infancy, and the sad reverses of her maturity, are all finely and powerfully described. Such a being, to be sure, never was, nor can be; but improbability is not an objection to a romance, and, least of all, to a romance of Mr. Maturin's. We cannot avoid transcribing the following description of the "island goddess," though we are aware that an injustice is done to the author, by any fragment of his imagination.

"The sole and beautiful inmate of the isle, though disturbed at the appearance of her worshippers, soon recovered her tranquillity. She could not be conscious of fear, for nothing of that world in which she lived had ever borne a hostile appearance to her. The sun and the shade—the flowers and foliage—the tamarinds and figs that prolonged her delightful existence—the water that she drank, wondering at the beautiful being who seemed to drink whenever she did—the peacocks, who spread out their rich and radiant plumage the moment they beheld her—and the loxia, who perched on her shoulder and hand as she walked, and answered her sweet voice with imitative chirpings—all these were her friends, and she knew none but these.

"The human forms that sometimes approached the island, caused her a

slight emotion; but it was rather that of curiosity than alarm; and their gestures were so expressive of reverence and mildness, their offerings of flowers, in which she delighted, so acceptable, and their visits so silent and peaceful, that she saw them without reluctance, and only wondered, as they rowed away, how they could move on the water in safety; and how creatures so dark, and with features so unattractive, happened to *grow* amid the beautiful flowers they presented to her as the productions of their abode. The elements might be supposed to have impressed her imagination with some terrible ideas; but the periodical regularity of these phenomena, in the climate she inhabited, divested them of their terrors to one who had been accustomed to them, as to the alternation of night and day—who could not remember the fearful impression of the first, and, above all, who had never heard any terror of them expressed *by another*,—perhaps the primitive cause of fear in most minds. Pain she had never felt—of death she had no idea—how, then, could she become acquainted with fear?

“When a north-wester, as it is termed, visited the island, with all its terrific accompaniments of midnight darkness, clouds of suffocating dust, and thunders like the trumpet of doom, she stood amid the leafy colonnades of the banyan tree, ignorant of her danger, watching the cowering wings and drooping heads of the birds, and the ludicrous terror of the monkeys, as they skipt from branch to branch with their young.* When the lightning struck a tree, she gazed as a child would on a firework played off for its amusement; but the next day she wept, when she saw the leaves would no longer grow on the blasted trunk. When the rains descended in torrents, the ruins of the pagoda afforded her a shelter; and she sat listening to the rushing of the mighty waters, and the murmurs of the troubled deep, till her soul took its colour from the sombrous and magnificent imagery around her, and she believed herself precipitated to earth with the deluge—borne downward, like a leaf, by a cataract—engulphed in the depths of the ocean—rising again to light on the swell of the enormous billows, as if she were heaved on the back of a whale—deafened with the roar—giddy with the rush—till terror and delight embraced in that fearful exercise of imagination. So she lived like a flower amid sun and storm, blooming in the light, and bending to the shower, and drawing the elements of her sweet and wild existence from both. And both seemed to mingle their influences kindly for her, as if she was a thing that nature loved, even in her angry mood, and gave a commission to the storm to nurture her, and to the deluge to spare the ark of her innocence, as it floated over the waters. This existence of felicity, half physical, half imaginative, but neither intellectual or impassioned, had continued till the seventeenth year of this beautiful and mild being, when a circumstance occurred that changed its hue for ever.”

Mr. Maturin says that “the wife of Walbergh lives, and *long may she live*.” With this single line we will dismiss that story. If Mr. Maturin really means—what he seems to insinuate—we should be inclined to drop our pen, and weep over the misfortunes of a man of genius, instead of scrutinizing his errors. The reader of the Walbergh Family will understand us.

We have already extracted so largely from this extraordinary work, that we have only room for “the Wanderer’s Dream,” of his death—a death which is described in the next chapter, and which concludes the romance. Our readers are, of course, aware that for a stipulated term of ex-

* This is not natural—even the instinct of the brute teaches him to fear these terrible phenomena.

istence (150 years), young and healthy, and with the faculties we have before described, he had sold himself to the powers of darkness—his hour was now come.

The Wanderer's Dream.

"He dreamed that he stood on the summit of a precipice, whose downward height no eye could have measured, but for the fearful waves of a fiery ocean that lashed, and blazed, and roared at its bottom, sending its burning spray far up, so as to drench the dreamer with its sulphurous rain. The whole glowing ocean below was alive—every billow bore an agonizing soul, that rose like a wreck or a putrid corse on the waves of earth's oceans—uttered a shriek as it burst against that adamantine precipice—sunk—and rose again to repeat the tremendous experiment! Every billow of fire was thus instinct with immortal and agonizing existence,—each was freighted with a soul, that rose on the burning wave in torturing hope, burst on the rock in despair, adding its eternal shriek to the roar of that fiery ocean, and sunk to rise again—in vain, and—for ever!

"Suddenly the Wanderer felt himself flung half way down the precipice. He stood, in his dream, tottering on a crag midway down the precipice—he looked upward, but the upper air (for there was no heaven) showed only blackness unshadowed and impenetrable—but, blacker than that blackness, he could distinguish a gigantic outstretched arm, that held him as in sport on the ridge of that infernal precipice, while another, that seemed in its motions to hold fearful and invisible conjunction with the arm that grasped him, as if both belonged to some being too vast and horrible even for the imagery of a dream to shape, pointed upwards to a dial plate fixed on the top of that precipice, and which the flashes of that ocean of fire made fearfully conspicuous. He saw the mysterious single hand revolve—he saw it reach the appointed period of 150 years—(for in this mystic plate centuries were marked, not hours)—he shrieked in his dream, and, with that strong impulse often felt in sleep, burst from the arm that held him, to arrest the motion of the hand.

"In the effort he fell, and falling grasped at aught that might save him. His fall seemed perpendicular—there was nought to save him—the rock was as smooth as ice—the ocean of fire broke at its foot! Suddenly a group of figures appeared, ascending as he fell. He grasped at them successively;—first Stanton—then Walbergh—Elinor Mortimer—Isidora—Monçada—all passed him,—to each he seemed in his slumber to cling in order to break his fall—all ascended the precipice. He caught at each in his downward flight, but all forsook him and ascended.

"His last despairing and reverted glance was fixed on the clock of eternity—the upraised black arm seemed to push forward the hand—it arrived at its period—he fell—he sunk—he blazed—he shrieked! The burning waves boomed over his sinking head, and the clock of eternity rung out its awful chime—"Room for the soul of the Wanderer!" and the waves of the burning ocean answered, as they lashed the adamantine rock—"There is room for more!"—The Wanderer awoke."

Such is the conclusion of "The Wanderer," and our limits warn us that it is time to bid Mr. Maturin farewell. We do so with a sincere admiration of his genius—with a thorough conviction of his great powers, and their great misapplication—with profound regret that he is obliged to write romances at all, since he chooses to write them in the spirit which he does; and with a most hearty wish that no *domestic necessity* had ever compelled him to cater to a corrupted taste, or diverted him for

a moment from the paths of that profession which we understand he sustains, by the virtues of his private life, and which we are quite sure he might eminently adorn by the proper exertion of his uncommon talents.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

There is nothing, I am confident, that enables a man to appreciate better the astonishing omnipotence of the Supreme Being than a careful examination of the more minute branches of the animal creation. Take the smallest fly, conceive its internal operations, the complicated organs of respiration, of digestion, its diminutive heart continually supplying with living blood every part of the body, and expanding it through thousands of veins and arteries, conceive at the same time its almost imperceptible head endowed with a degree of intellect; observe this atom actuated by motives of prudence and discretion; see it warily seeking for food, conveying it to a place of safety, protecting it, or sharing it with others; remark that tender affection, that anxious solicitude for its young—with reflections like these who is there so insensible, so irrational, as not to feel the *vastness* of his own insignificance?

An inquiry, then, which inspires the mind with such salutary feelings, and, by giving a just idea of the Divinity, instils a just respect for his power, should certainly be made a regular branch of education. Unfortunately it is far from being so; and indeed when the science is treated on, it is generally so wrapped up in the mystery of technical phrases and *hard names*, that one of the most interesting branches of knowledge becomes tedious and unentertaining; instead of inquiring into the curious contrivances in the formation of the little animal, into the relative degrees of its acquired and instinctive sense, and all its little customs and habits, we are forced to wade through a huge train of generic terms, to learn every name which this or that great man chose to give it, and after having accomplished the laborious task imposed on us, perhaps the most interesting information we can gather is the length of the hind legs, or the projection of its snout.

This is certainly much to be lamented; and I cannot but be convinced that a judicious compiler, by extracting from the numerous works that have been written on the subject, every thing of real information and interest with which they are scattered, might produce a volume of Natural History that would supersede every other similar work hitherto published.

In the mean time, Mr. Editor, I entreat your intelligent correspondents to turn their attention to this important branch of science, and by their monthly contributions to do their utmost in the sacred cause of Natural History. That they may have something to begin upon, I will apply to them for the solution of a query which has often been tossed about in my own mind, but for which I have never yet thought of a satisfactory answer. Every one must have remarked that, with however great velocity a horse is proceeding forward, we may observe flies deliberately playing around his head, so that whilst we see them coolly flying about from one ear to another, they must likewise have an immensely swift motion forwards, equal to that with which the horse is advancing. How is this? Is it that they have organs calculated expressly for this double motion, or do they receive any impetus from the motion of the horse itself?

It is well known that if a weight be dropped from the top of a ship's mast, while the vessel is in full sail, the weight, instead of falling on the stern of the ship, as one would naturally suppose, falls exactly at the foot of the mast; this must happen from the velocity which the weight obtained from

the motion of the ship before it was let to drop; so that the body, being urged by two forces, one for its force of gravity, and consequently *accelerating*, the other its acquired impetus, which must be gradually *diminishing*, in fact describes part of a parabola in its descent through the air. The mysterious double motion of the fly may perhaps arise from a similar cause, but I will leave it to the consideration of your readers. I am, &c. Scio.

Agriculture.



"Let us cultivate the ground, that the poor, as well as the rich, may be filled; and happiness and peace be established throughout our borders."

SKETCHES ON PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE.

BY JOSHUA TYSON.

(Continued from page 114.)

Poultry.—I conceive the raising of much poultry an actual loss to the farmer, especially when his grain-fields lie near the house and barn. Geese, turkeys, and ducks, seldom pay for their trouble. A reasonable stock of dunghill fowls, just enough to pick up the scattered and lost grain, are profitable.

Of Grasses.—Clover has hitherto been the most productive and valuable crop of grass the farmer could raise. There has, however, within these four or five years, through this neighbourhood been a great failure of this crop. I suppose the failure may in a great measure be attributed to the following causes:—1st, We have of late years had cold dry springs, whereas clover delights in warm moist weather till it gets a start; 2d, Plaister having ceased in a great measure to produce its former effects, especially on lands that have repeatedly been sown with it; and, 3d, I think it certain, that from such long continuation of the same kind of grass, on the same fields, the soil may have become exhausted of that nourishment, which has hitherto been so agreeable to it. I have found the best time for sowing clover seed to be from the beginning to the last of March.

Timothy has also in some measure failed within these last few years, and probably from the same causes. This grass makes the best hay for horses, but for cattle, if a little too old, very indifferent food; if cut just when in bloom, or a little before, and mixed with clover and other grass, they make the very best of hay. It is certainly a great exhauster of the soil; and land ought not to be permitted to remain more than three or four years under this grass, unless the land be well top-dressed with compost.

Rye Grass. I have had this grass on the farm for near twenty years. It is an early grass, and, when young, cattle eat it in preference to clover. It makes a good late pasture, for the early frosts do not hurt it like clover. It does very well to sow with clover: together they make excellent hay, and in good land yield a most abundant crop. I have had above two tons per acre. It deserves more attention from farmers than it has in this country received. The seed is easily preserved.

Orchard Grass. I have for a series of years been in the habit of sowing this grass seed: it should be sown in the fall, just after the wheat or rye are sown and harrowed in. It makes by itself but an indifferent hay, if permitted to get too old: it is best for hay mixed with clover, and mown as soon as it is out in bloom. In a good season, it produces the best second-crop hay of any grass, and makes the most abundant pasture: it continues late, and the frosts do not hurt it like clover. If care were taken to have a field of this grass kept up for winter pasture, it would be excellent for milch cows, and fattening sheep.

Herd Grass. I have to make some further trial of it before I shall be satisfied of its value: it is, however, good pasture, and makes pretty good hay, but not a very abundant crop. It grows better on very poor land and boggy bottoms, than almost any other kind of grass. It may be sown in the fall or spring.

White clover makes good hay and excellent pasture: the difficulty of procuring the seed is, no doubt, the reason why it has not been more cultivated. It certainly deserves more attention from the farmer. It is much to be regretted, that hitherto there has been so little attention paid to the selecting and cultivating the various species of natural grasses with which this country abounds, so as to discover their respective and comparative virtues and value. This subject might be a source of amusement to the gentleman farmer, as well as become the mean of great improvement to the country.

Of Green Grass. This is a native, and the most nutritious of any of the kinds of grass for fattening cattle. It requires a good soil to thrive well in. From the experiments I have made, I feel confident there is much more might be done towards its propagation than hitherto has been done, for it has almost been left to chance: but the collecting the seed and regularly sowing it is of the greatest importance.

Of the Barn-Yard and Sheds.—The barn-yard should be large and enclosed with a stone wall of sufficient height to keep the cattle from jumping out. A strong rail fence answers pretty well for a time, but is liable to be broken down; that upon the whole, the stone wall, where stone can be easily procured, is the cheapest. Sheds, to feed under and shelter the cattle from the north and north-east winter storms, and to keep the manure under, are of much importance. In cleaning of the stables, it is an advantage to mix the dung of the cattle and horses together. The cattle tramping it promotes the too early fermentation, which is a great loss. Dung should not be permitted to ferment until a little before you want to use it. The bottom of the barn-yard should be nearly level, having a small descent, so as to prevent the water, after heavy rains or the thawing of snows, running into the stables. Mr. Job Roberts, and some other farmers in this county, have a cistern adjoining the yard, into which runs all the surplus water of the dung. In this cistern is a pump, so that they can at any time water their gardens, corn, &c. In the fall the bottom of the yard should be covered about six or nine inches deep with the richest earth that can be procured—the cleanings of ditches or mud from ponds, &c.: then litter it well with cornstalks, leaves, &c. There should be racks in the yard to feed the straw to the cattle.

The manure that is kept under sheds is much the best; two cartloads of such dung are at least equal to three that lie exposed in the barn-yard. It is best to make compost of all the dung; although it requires considerable labour, yet I think it well repays the trouble and expense.

Of Compost.—The farmer should be a year ahead in collecting materials for his compost bed. In some convenient place in or near the field he intends to manure, he should be collecting from time to time, when there is leisure from the other avocations of the farm, rich earth, the cleanings of ditches, mud from ponds, creeks, &c. and all kind of vegetable trash, such as weeds, leaves, even briars, &c.: and have them laid in a long row, about one foot thick and twenty broad. To manure a ten acre field for wheat, there should be collected about 150 cartloads of earth, besides the vegetable trash above mentioned. In the fall it should be ploughed, harrowed, and 50 bushels of lime spread over it, and well mixed with the plough and harrow: in the spring, when it is dry, plough it up again, and put on 50 bushels more of lime; have it well mixed as before. With the plough open the middle of the bed in the latter part of May, or sooner, if convenience permits; haul out the dung that lies exposed in the barn-yard; put it on the bed in proportion of 100 loads for the whole bed: level the dung, and from both edges of the row throw over the earth so as to cover the dung up well. If there is not sufficient dung from the barn-yard, after harvest haul from the sheds so as to complete it. In this situation the dung soon ferments, and the covering it with earth retains a greater portion of that nutriment which is the food of plants, than it otherwise would do; which, if permitted to ferment uncovered, flies off into the atmosphere and is lost. The fermentation of the dung before it is put on the land is necessary to destroy the vegetative power of the seeds of noxious weeds. About the first of September, again plough and harrow the compost bed, till it is completely mixed and pulverised: then haul it out into the field in the manner described before under the article wheat. I have repeatedly mixed plaister with the compost, at the rate of one to every ten bushels of lime.

In this manner the farmer will be able to manure double the quantity of land, than by pursuing the old fashioned plan of letting the manure lie exposed in the barn-yard until it is wanted. Much of the substance of dung is lost from exposure to heavy rains, evaporation, and from carelessness: if compost is not made, it is much better to have it heaped in the barn-yard, or carted to the field, piled up, and covered with earth.

I am inclined to think that raw dung, or muck, from the stable, ploughed down immediately, will enrich the soil more, than if permitted to ferment and then put on; but there is this very great disadvantage, the raw dung thus ploughed in, encourages the growth of many species of noxious weeds.

(*To be continued.*)

Science.

Compiled for the Saturday Magazine.

MAMMOTH.

Captain Vetch of the Royal Engineers, has published in Mr. Brande's Journal, the following account of the remains of a mammoth, found near Rochester:

"These remains were found on the west bank of the Medway, about two miles and a half south from Rochester bridge; at a place were a lateral val-

ley meets that in which the Medway flows at an acute angle pointing down the stream. The point of land separating the two valleys is fundamentally chalk, covered with gravel, sand, and loam. On the side of the point of land, towards the lateral valley, too well marked shelves or ledges are seen, indicating the different heights at which the water formerly rested. The perfect level of the surface of these ledges and the regularity and steepness of their talus, combined with their situation and extent, are quite decisive of the mode of their formation. On the lower of these two shelves, and about sixty feet above the high water mark, were found the remains in question, consisting of one upper grinder nearly entire; its fellow in fragments, and considerable portions of the bone, so extremely decayed as only to admit of lifting in very small portions; the largest portion uncovered appeared from its breadth and flatness to belong to the cranium, or lower jaw; the portions of bone were all found together, and as no other remains could be discovered by digging at different places near the spot, there is reason to conclude that a portion of the bones of the head and two teeth were all that were deposited in this place; had bones of other parts of the animal been there, the more definite shape of the fragments would have pointed them out. The teeth were decomposed into laminæ, the osseous part being entirely gone and the enamel only remaining. A few inches immediately below the remains, was a layer of flints but little water-worn, the teeth were more immediately enveloped in a layer (a few inches thick,) of clean hard sand, such as is generally found in the beds of rivers; over the remains was a bed of two feet of sandy loam; and, lastly, a foot and a half of mould. Among the loam, near the remains, I found a shark's tooth of the same colour and appearance as those found in the blue clay of Sheppey. Among the layer of flints already mentioned, might also be observed some fragments, from the green sand; and strongly adhering to the largest portion of the bone which I uncovered, was a fragment of an indurated clay stratum containing numerous bivalves. From a consideration of all which circumstances, it seems more reasonable to infer that the site where the remains were found was not their original depository, but that they were washed out from a stratum above the chalk, and that the cranium and teeth were deposited on the ledge at the time of its formation, along with the over travelled matter; indeed the fragment of indurated clay, containing shells, would seem to point out the particular stratum from whence they were derived—the circumstance of the remains being originally deposited in a bed containing shells, offers no difficulty, as some of the strata above the chalk, from containing a most extensive mixture of land and sea remains, notoriously point out that they were formed in the sea at the mouth of some immense river, of which the mud or clay of the Isle of Sheppey may be given as an example; indeed, were the mouths of the Mississippi or Ganges to be laid dry, we might expect to see similar formations. Accompanying these observations is a representation of one of the teeth referred to, engraved from a very accurate drawing by Mr. Outram, of the honourable East India Company's engineers. The tooth consists of twenty-one laminæ, but has evidently lost the most interior one. The dimensions in inches are as follows:

Laminæ, length of the largest	8.25
——— total number	21
——— in use	9 or 10
Length of tooth	17
Length in use	7.5 or 8.25
Depth	7.57
Breadth	3.5

Twenty-four or twenty-five laminæ seem to be the number belonging to a tooth at its maximum size; it is therefore probable the Rochester tooth was past its maximum, and at the defunction of the animal was so far protruded and abraded, as to have lost three of the laminæ. But as these dimensions are exclusive of any osseous covering to the enamel, it may safely be pronounced to have belonged to one of the largest mammoths of which remains have yet been found. No appearance of any portion of the bone of the tooth is to be seen, but its place is supplied by a very fine white earthy substance, chiefly carbonate of lime, which is possibly derived from the decomposition of the bone; the enamel appears fresh and little altered, is hard and not easily frangible."

Perkins' Method of keeping off the Back-Water from Mills.—At the time of floods, the back-water, as it is called, returns upon the water-wheel, and not only diminishes the height of the fall or head of water, but impedes the motion of the wheel, which is necessarily immersed to a certain depth in the back-water. In order to remedy this, Mr. Perkins boards up the wheel against the back-water; but leaves a channel at the bottom, through which the back-water would rush upon the wheel, if it were not prevented and driven back by superior force. This force is obtained, by taking off from the mill-lead a part of the superabundant water, and allowing it to rush by a new channel, through the channel left in the boarding. Its superior momentum drives away the back-water from the wheel, and allows it to perform its functions as freely and uninterruptedly as if there were no flood in the river. This contrivance has been adopted in the United States with complete success for several years.

Manufacture of Catgut Strings.—The catgut strings used for harps and violins, are manufactured at Whitechapel, &c. of the peritoneal covering of the intestines of the sheep; but have always been considered inferior to those exported from Italy. Dr. McCulloch ascribes this superiority to the leanness of the Italian sheep: it is known, that the membranes of lean animals are stronger than those of fat ones; and he suggests, that the catgut should be manufactured from the Welsh Highland or Southdown breeds, in preference to those which, like the Lincoln, are prone to excessive accumulations of fat.

Variety.

From Views of Society and Manners in America, by an Englishwoman.

"I must also remark of this people, that they possess an uninterrupted cheerfulness of mind, and an imperturbable evenness of temper, and, moreover, a great share of dry humour, which is the weapon they usually employ when assailed by impertinence or troublesome folly of any kind. I have witnessed many amusing instances of this; and you will find some true specimens in the writings of Franklin, whose humour was truly of native growth.

"A story occurs to me at this moment, which, though it perhaps owed something to the manner in which I heard it, may at least serve as an example of the national trait to which I have here alluded. A Prussian officer, who some while since landed in New York, in his way to Venezuela, having taken up his lodgings at a hotel in Broadway, found himself in company with two British officers, and an American gentleman, who was quietly seated in the recess of a window, reading the Washington Gazette.

The Prussian understood not a word of English, but observed that the two foreigners, in conversing with each other, eternally used the word *Yankee*. As they leaned out of an open window which looked into Broadway, he heard them repeat it again and again, and seemingly apply it to every citizen that passed before them. 'Yankee! Yankee!' at length exclaimed the Prussian; 'Que veut dire ce Yankee?' and turned, wondering, to the gentleman who sat apparently inattentive to what was passing. 'Je vous dirai, monsieur,' said the American, gravely looking up from his paper; 'cela veut dire, un homme d'une sagesse parfaite, d'un talent extrême, jouissant des biens de la fortune, et de la considération publique.' 'En un mot, un sage et un homme distingué.' 'Précisément.' 'Mais, monsieur, que la république est riche en sages et en hommes distingués!' 'Ces messieurs nous font l'honneur de le croire,' bowing to the officers.

"You may smile to hear that the Prussian took the explanation in sober seriousness, (though you will readily believe that our two countrymen were too petrified to offer it a contradiction,) and failed not in employing the word to comment upon the superabundance of *hommes distingués* to be found in the city, as well as upon the force of the language, which knew how to convey so many ideas in one word. It was long before I could understand the drift of the Prussian's discourse; when at length I had drawn the above story from him, and that the mystery stood explained, the joke seemed almost too good to put an end to. As I saw, however, that it was his fixed intention to apply the word in its new meaning to every citizen to whom he meant to do honour, and that, in case of an interview with the President himself, he would infallibly, in some flourish of politeness, denominate him *Chef des Yankees*, I thought it better to restore the word to its old reading."

FROM THE SAME.

"I must subjoin an anecdote of Mr. ———, or, as he is more simply styled, *Thomas Jefferson*, which I received a few days since from a gentleman of this city, and which struck me as not only characteristic of that philosopher, but somewhat also of this nation generally.

"It was the object of Mr. Jefferson to preserve, in every trifle, that simplicity which he deemed the most appropriate characteristic of a republic. At his entrance into the presidency, he found himself a little troubled with the trifling etiquette which the foreign ambassadors, and more especially their ladies, were essaying to establish in his own drawing room; and, apprehending that the wives and daughters of his official brethren might catch the contagion, he let pass no opportunity of giving it his discountenance. He wisely judged, that in this matter, as in most others, example was better than precept, and set about new-ordering the manners of the city, much in the manner that Franklin might have taken. Did he go to make a morning visit, he rode without a servant, tied his horse to the gate, and walked in as plain Thomas Jefferson. Did all the different legations come to dine with him, he received them with indiscriminating politeness, and that simple dignity for which he is eminently distinguished; conversing with and welcoming all, he left the company to arrange themselves at his table, of which he so did the honours, as to spread ease and cheerfulness around it, and to make his guests in good humour with themselves and each other; the wife of the Spanish minister, however, upon returning home, began to ponder upon the events of the evening: she had been seated below the lady of ———, my informant forgot which ambassador, but one whom she judged of inferior importance to her liege lord. His most Catholic Majesty had been insulted, she declared, in her person; for was not an insult offered to the wife always offered to the husband; and as in this case an insult offered to the husband was offered to the king of Spain—Euclid himself must have

concluded with Q. E. D. The next morning the Don could do no less than summon a council, consisting of his most chosen friends among the diplomatic corps. The case was stated, and their opinions severally taken. One ventured to apologize for the President, on the ground of his ignorance as a republican of the rules of etiquette. To this it was replied, that the dignity of his most Catholic Majesty was not to be laid at the mercy of every man who might call himself a republican. The lady particularly insisted that satisfaction must be given. It was suggested, that the best way would be for Spain's representative to go and ask it. The divan broke up, and one of its members went to advise the President of the matter in agitation. Some hours after, Mr. Jefferson, while occupied in his library, was informed that the Spanish minister was in an adjoining apartment; he called immediately for his boots, and putting one on, and holding the other in his hand, proceeded to the room. Having half opened the door, he issued orders to the servant behind him, touching his horse, and then advancing, and drawing on as he did so his remaining boot, welcomed his visiter with his wonted amenity. 'Pray be seated; be seated; no ceremony here, my good sir. Very glad to see you;' and then, without regarding the disconcerted air of the astonished representative of Spain and the Indies, entered with his wonted ease into general conversation, opposing the gentleman to the minister, and the unaffected majesty of the philosopher to the frozen haughtiness of the diplomatist. The combat was soon decided. The Spaniard departed, and reported to his lady and diplomatic friends that, when they went to the house of the American President, they must leave the dignity of their masters at home."

FROM THE SAME.

"An American captain, well known to the author as a man of singular intelligence, integrity, and humanity, once lost, off the shores of Lima, his black cook, who suddenly fell down dead while handing to his master a cup of coffee when alone writing in the cabin. A young sailor boy, who had entered with the cook, and then passed into an adjoining cabin, heard the fall, and ran to the spot, at the call of his master. The latter summoning his men, after trying, in vain, all the remedies that occurred to him, noted the death on the log-book, with a clear statement of the manner in which it had occurred, giving the same statement to his men, corroborated, so far as was possible, by the testimony of the boy. There was, at the time, no trade between the republic and Lima, and the vessel in question had only put in to water. There being, therefore, no consul to appeal to, the captain, with some trouble and expense, procured and brought on board a Spanish doctor. Showing him the dead, the American requested him, in the best Spanish he could command, (a language he had learned in his youth, during a short residence in South America,) to open the body, and note down in the log-book, in the presence of the ship's crew, of what the negro had died. Sangrado stared, shook his head, and gravely pronounced, that the body before him was dead. No explanations or entreaties could draw forth any other answer. Had the Spaniard possessed more surgery and penmanship, it is doubtful whether he could have been made to understand the case before him, or brought to comply with the requisitions. As it was, he ran away. The captain then had recourse to a convent of priests, and, by a bribe of fifty dollars, got them to bury his cook, after the Romish fashion, in his presence, and to attest, in writing, that they had done so. Returning to New York, he stated the matter, and produced his log-book, and attestations of the Spanish priests. But, though a known and respected citizen, with good connexions in the city, his word was not taken as sufficient. All the ship's crew were examined separately, and the depositions compared with each other, before the captain was absolved. The captain, in conversation

with the author, gave her part of this story to elucidate the ignorance of the old Spaniards in South America; but, as it struck her as curious on other accounts, she drew from him the particulars here given."

CANDID BEGGAR.

Camerarius relates the following pleasant story: "As I was sitting," said he, "with some senators of Bruges before the gate of the Senate House, a certain beggar presented himself to us, who with sighs and tears, and lamentable gestures, expressed to us his miserable poverty; saying withal, that 'he had about him a private disorder which shame prevented him from discovering to the eyes of men.' We all pitying the case of the poor man, gave him each of us something, and he departed; one amongst us sent his servant after him, with command to inquire of him what his private infirmity might be, which he was so loth to discover. The servant overtook him, and desired of him that satisfaction; and having diligently viewed his face, breast, arms, &c. and finding all his limbs in good plight, 'I see nothing,' said he, 'whereof you have any such reason to complain.' 'Alas!' said the beggar, 'the disease that afflicts me is far different from what you conceive of, and is such as you cannot see; it is an evil that hath crept over my whole body; it is passed through the very veins and marrow of me in such a manner, that there is no one member of my body that is able to do any work; this disease is by some called idleness and sloth.' The servant hearing this, left him in anger, and returned to us with this account of him: which after we had well laughed at, we sent to make further inquiries about this singular beggar; but he had withdrawn himself."

[*Percy Anecdotes.*]

GAMBLING HOUSES.

An abrupt, and let us hope, salutary incursion was made during the month, by a Bow-street patrol, upon one of those Pandora boxes at the West-End of the Town, called gaming houses. No less than fifty fashionables were *had up* to the office at two in the morning, and the assemblage afforded a truly ludicrous exhibition. Squires, lawyers, M. P's, pigeons and rooks, Greeks, and Romans, were all held to bail, very much to the annoyance of some who had been left little *loseable*, except their characters. One gentleman tried to escape by jumping out of the window, and broke his leg.

[*London Mag.*]

PORTRAIT OF A MISER, BY QUEVEDO.

The miser was a skeleton, a mere shotten herring, or like a slender cane with a little head cut upon it, and red-haired, so that no more need be said to such as know the proverb, "that neither cat nor dog of that colour is good;" his eyes almost sunk into his head, as if he looked through a perspective glass, or the deep windows in a linen draper's shop; his nose turning up and somewhat flat, for the bridge was carried away by an inundation of cold rheum, for he never afforded himself a more costly malady. His beard had lost its colour, for fear of his mouth, which, being so near, seemed threatening to devour it from mere hunger. His teeth had, many of them, forsaken him for want of employment, or were banished as idlers. His neck was as long as a crane's, with the gullet sticking out, as if it had been compelled to come abroad in search of sustenance; his arms withered; his hands like a bundle of twigs; each of them when pointing downwards looking like a fork, or a pair of compasses. He had long slender legs. He walked leisurely; and if ever he chanced to move any faster, his bones rattled, like a pair of snappers. His voice was weak and hollow; his beard bushy and long; for, to save charges, he never trimmed it, pretending that it was so odious to him to feel the barber's hands all over his face, that he would rather die than endure it. One of the boys cut his hair. In fair weather he wore a

threadbare cap. His cassock, some said, was miraculous, for no man could tell its colour; some, seeing no sign of hair upon it, concluded it was made of frog's skin; others said it was a mere shadow, or phantom; near at hand it looked somewhat black, and at a distance bluish. He wore no girdle, cuffs, nor band; so that his long hair and scanty short cassock made him look like the messenger of death. Each shoe might have served for an ordinary coffin. As for his chamber, there was not so much as a cobweb in it, the spiders being all starved to death. He put spells upon the mice, for fear they should gnaw some scraps of bread he kept. His bed was on the floor, and he always laid upon one side, for fear of wearing out the sheets. In short he was the superlative degree of avarice, and the very *ne plus ultra* of want. Into this prodigy's hands I fell.

STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

Some persons have expressed a strong desire that the statue of WASHINGTON, by Canova, the Italian sculptor, now on board the Columbus, may be opened for the inspection of the curious, previous to its transshipment to North Carolina, under the authority of which state it was executed. Such a wish, though not unnatural, considering the patriotic feelings and almost devotional love of the people here for the memory of Washington, could not be gratified, without great hazard and inconvenience. The statue consists of two parts—the pedestal and the figure—and to be seen to advantage must be viewed as it will appear when erected. The figure weighs about 8000lbs. and the pedestal as much more. The statue, therefore, is very large in its dimensions, and has been carefully packed by those persons in Italy whose profession it is to perform such labour. It might perhaps be ultimately safe to open the case or cases, and view the work of M. Canova; but it certainly would be a hazardous attempt even if we could obtain the consent of the governor of North Carolina, which it would be unreasonable to expect.

We have seen an elegant engraving of this statue, brought out by an officer of the Columbus, said to be a very excellent resemblance of the marble. If this be true, we have no doubt the work will gratify the public for its classical elegance and masterly execution; but it will not convey to posterity a just idea of the likeness or costume of our Washington. It is the more extraordinary that Canova should have failed in the likeness, as perhaps no distinguished character of modern times, has ever been more faithfully represented, both in painting and sculpture, than Washington. His portraits by Stuart, and his bust by Hudon, the French artist, are illustrations of each other, and are finished likenesses of the original head. It could not have been difficult for Canova to have obtained copies of both. This likeness, it is reported, was taken from a portrait of general Washington, in possession of the American consul at Leghorn.

The question respecting the costume of the figure, we suppose, will excite much warmth of controversy. According to the theory of the modern Italian school, all statuary should be in the antique taste. Canova has represented Washington seated, his body erect, with a tablet resting on his knee, and a style in his hand, composing, as may be supposed, the *farewell address* to his fellow citizens. The sword lays neglected at his feet. His arms and legs are bare, and he has some loose drapery thrown over him, in Grecian folds. The statue is noble and dignified—but it is neither Washington, nor the figure of a modern personage.

There is a great deal to be said in favour of a costume which is never out of fashion, and the beauty of which will last forever. To attain to such an unsophisticated resemblance of an individual, as to secure present popularity and future renown, is a work difficult of execution. This, Canova has

attempted, and the present popularity of the work, we suspect, will not be surpassed by its future renown.

Chantry, the English sculptor, is engaged on the statue of Washington, for the inhabitants of *this* state; but we understand he thinks it necessary to clothe his figures in the motley and changing fashions of the age in which the subject flourished.

To this style of drapery we have a very decided objection. There is an air of the grotesque in old family pictures, arising from the oddity of ancient fashion and dresses. And in some respects, the strangeness of the costume becomes absolutely ridiculous. No drapery, we apprehend, is faster approaching to this point of the ludicrous than the old continental military uniform. It is amusing to be told that we must adhere to the triangular hat because it is true to nature. All modern personages must of course be covered—but there is no necessity for covering them grotesquely. During some period of a long life, every individual will probably have worn a becoming dress, a dress distinguished by no extravagance of local fashion—but indicating both elegance and good taste. Such a costume should be selected for Washington—and in such a costume, whether it be a plain robe or a military cloak, would his figure be transmitted to posterity, to the admiration of all beholders.

[*Boston Paper.*]

Poetry.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The following jeu-de-esprit was sent from Bengal about five years ago, but by whom composed is unknown.

THE CONVERTED NATIVE.

On heathen shores, to kindle Christian flame,
To India once a Missionary came,
A pious man, replete with holy zeal,
And really anxious for the public weal,
The sweets of Christianity displayed,
Full many a convert had our hero made,
And many a native who damnation feared,
Heathens no more, a Catholic appeared.

To put the Padree's patience to the test,
Washee, (a sly old rogue) among the rest,
To chapel went—and so the story saith,
Embraced the doctrine of the Christian faith;
The Priest, as usual, with a pious grace,
"Sprinkling pure water o'er his sable face,
Exclaimed, "With change of faith you alter names,"
So he who Washee went, returned as—James.
The native listened with a mute surprise,
But thought, while on the Priest he fixed his eyes,
"Altho' me know, that you would change my God,
To change my name is very—very odd.
Me forty years of age, and all my life,
Sweet thick-lipped Balshabam, my lovely wife,
Has called me "Washee,"—Washee was my name,
Until this Massa White man—parson came;
Water he put upon my face—that devilish strange,
And then he tellee me, my name be change,
He call me James—well—James is now my name;
Washee, or James, to me is all the same.
But then the Parson say, I no must eat,
On what he call the "saint-days," any meat;
Nor, if I hope for mercy on the last day,
Must I touch flesh on *Friday* or on *fast-day*:

You will be *damned*, he bellowed, if you do;
 But Massa Parson, let me tellee you,
 Dam or no dam, my belly I will treat,
 And cursee me if I don't still eat meat;"
 Well, Washee, James, I mean—James kept his word,
 Which the good Priest with indignation heard;
 To be convinc'd, howe'er, and shun mistakes,
 He to the native's dwelling hied,
 And there "*upon a Friday*" spied
 The white-washed James dining on beef-steaks.
 "Ah, sinful wretch, what is it I behold,
 I grieve to find 'tis truth, that I've been told;
 Eating 'beef-steaks' to-day, I wish to know
 Where you expect your precious soul will go?"
 "What, Massa, me *eat meat*? No, Massa, no"—
 Then, while a mouthful large the fellow takes,
 He adds, "what for you callee this beef-steaks?"
 This, Massa, that you see upon the dish,
 Is no 'beef-steaks,' indeed—but dam good '*fish*.'"
 "*Fish!*" the astonished Priest, with fury cried,
 For very clear it was, the rascal lied;
 "Why, wretched man, can't I believe mine eyes?
 They are beef-steaks"—"*Fish, fish*," the native cries!
 "And now, good Massa, to relieve all doubt,
 I tellee you which way *I* make it out.
 One day you take poor Washee by the hand,
 You speak fine words he no can understand,
 Water you put upon my face—that change my name,
 And so this morning "*me*" have done the same;
 Me take beef-steaks—make talkee over dish,
 And '*putting water on them*' called them '*Fish*.'"

FROM STRANGFORD'S CAMOENS.

CANZON. (V. N.)

"*Quando o sol encuberto ray mostrando*
 "*Do mundo a luz quieta,*" &c.

When day has smil'd a soft farewell,
 And night-drops bathe each shutting bell,
 And shadows sail along the green,
 And birds are still, and winds serene,
 I wander silently.

And while my lone step prints the dew,
 Dear are the dreams that bless my view,
 To Memory's eye the maid appears,
 For whom have sprung my sweetest tears,
 So oft, so tenderly:

I see her, as with graceful care
 She binds her braids of sunny hair;
 I feel her harp's melodious thrill
 Strike to my heart—and thence be still
 Re-echo'd faithfully:

I meet her mild and quiet eye,
 Drink the warm spirit of her sigh,
 See young Love beating in her breast,
 And wish to mine it's pulses prest,
 God knows how fervently!

Such are my hours of dear delight,
 And morn but makes me long for night,
 And think how swift the minutes flew,
 When last amongst the dropping dew,
 I wander'd silently.